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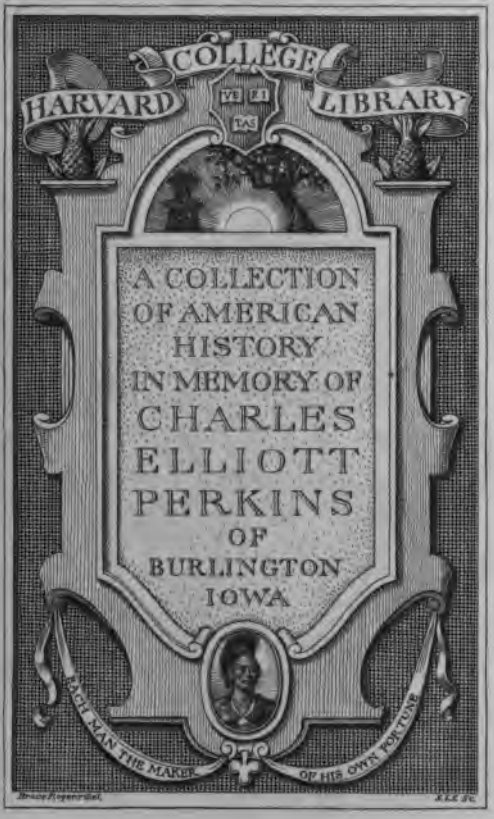
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EACH MAN THE MAKER OF HIS OWN FORTUNE

A GREAT TRIO.

FULLER.
JETER.
YATES.

THREE LECTURES

Delivered on the
Gay Foundation
of the

Baptist Theological Seminary,

in Louisville, Ky.,
March 24, 26, 27, 1896,

BY REV. W. R. L. SMITH, D.D.,
ST. LOUIS, MO.

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To the

venerable and beloved

DR. ROBERT RYLAND,

the contemporary and friend of Fuller, Jeter and Yates,

these lectures are affectionately

inscribed.

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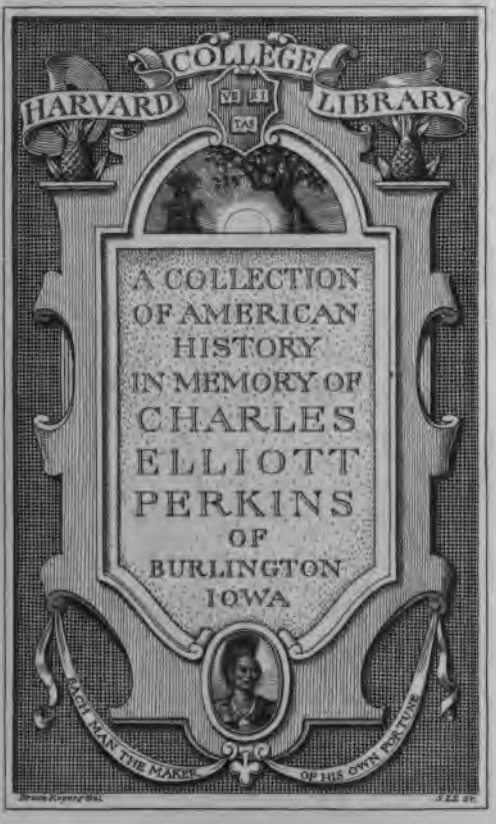
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A GREAT TRIO.

FULLER.
JETER.
YATES.

cordial respect and unqualified admiration of teachers and fellow students.

Except in the elements of robust physical development, and thorough-edged intellect, this picture is the exact counterpart of the fortunes of the brave mountain boy of Virginia. Inherited culture, refinement, wealth and high social position poured out their copious gifts at the feet of the brilliant collegian, Richard Fuller, of Beaufort, South Carolina. In this lovely old seaboard town, half way between Charleston and Savannah, he was born April 22, 1804.

About the close of the Revolution of 1776, his parents, Thomas Fuller and Elizabeth Middleton were married, and at Beaufort established their home. From early colonial times, both of these had been honorable and distinguished names. The town is older than Charleston, its superior port having attracted some of the first settlers of the Carolinas. As early as 1562, French seamen anchored their vessels in the beautiful bay and named it, "Port Royal." The expanse of dimpling, crystal waters, laughing back to the blue heavens, girdled with ten thousand magnolias, water

oaks, and fragrant shrubs waving their green plumes in the sun, makes a scene of unexcelled natural loveliness. Either by the wilderness of mighty waters, rolling evermore, or in the wilderness of the mountains, does genius seem to find her congenial abode.

Ten children grew up like olive plants in this palatial home, five sons and five daughters, Richard being ninth in the succession. "Sheldon," was the name of the family's country residence, which was fifteen miles out of Beaufort on the mainland. Here they spent the happy winter months, and at the coming of warm weather with its attendant danger of malaria, they returned to the home by the sea.

Thomas Fuller, the wealthy planter, was a man of marked intelligence, and a valued member of the Episcopal Church, which for two generations had been the dominant religious and social organization of the community. In the winter of 1802 he became the subject of intense conviction of sin. The story of his experience, which he wrote in full for the guidance and comfort of others, is a most interesting bit of autobiography. Emerging from horrible

darkness into an unspeakable joy, he immediately united with the little Baptist Church, which had been organized in Beaufort just two years before. "It seemed impossible," said he, "that I should neglect baptism without some great disaster happening to me. I was baptized in the river with several negroes. This act has caused some estrangement between my friends and myself. Nevertheless, I shall ever have cause to rejoice that the blessed Lord my God has led me in this way." His wife was adorned with all those graces of mind and heart that make womanhood lovely. "Quick perception, sound judgment and energy of character," long standing characteristics of the Middleton family, were distinctly apparent in her. She made a profession of faith in Christ, the year following the baptism of her husband. With devoutness she responded to all his spiritual aspirations, and at her instance daily worship was instituted in the family. If the difficult task of building and maintaining a family altar is achieved, it must commonly arise from the resolute pertinacity of the mother.

It is said that, in mental gift, manner

and appearance, Richard resembled his mother more than any of the other children. "Fuller," says one of his early distinguished teachers, "is just like his mother: I have seen her at one moment all smiles or laughter, and at the next in tears, as some pious word or remark sprung a fountain in her heart." Happy the childhood that is nurtured in the midst of so many noble and refining influences. At Sheldon, the boys found a theater for outdoor sports and adventures, at once so exhilarating and healthful. Through the halls of the mansion at Beaufort floated the perfume of the orange blossom, while the sunny air was resonant with the song of the mocking bird. There is a nameless grace of person and mental repose, which is rarely found, save in those reared in a domestic paradise like this. These qualities came to Richard Fuller by unconscious accretion. From infancy he breathed the atmosphere of an exquisite culture, intellectual, social and religious. Probably no other American boy ever enjoyed finer advantages, and it is certain that no other ever put them to a more excellent use. It is no matter of surprise to learn, that be-

fore he entered a school room, he had more mental training and information, than many a lad who has spent years in the academy.

The Beaufort College, organized at the close of last century, was due, in no small degree to the enterprising energy of Dr. Holcombe, afterwards a leading Baptist minister in Philadelphia. The elder Dr. W. T. Brantly, accepting the charge of the Baptist Church at Beaufort in 1811, was induced also, on account of his unusual learning, to accept the presidency of the Institution. Under his tuition, our growing lad laid the basis of the large linguistic attainments of his later life. Between teacher and pupil arose a strong attachment which grew with the passing years. Dr. Brantly's funeral sermon was preached by his famous pupil in Charleston in March, 1845.

The demands of higher culture drawing him away from a charming home, introduced him to new privileges and perils. Harvard was then, as now, in the front rank of American colleges. He entered at the age of sixteen, and soon became the most conspicuous member of a class of

about eighty young men. The power of his memory astonished every one. In the recitation on intellectual science, for instance, he could arise on call and recite page on page of Locke or Stewart. Nor was this a merely mechanical exercise, in which the author's language was slavishly followed; but a clear untrammeled statement of the author's thought and course of reasoning. One of his learned fellow students wrote of him in 1877: "I had then, as I have ever since had, a strong impression of his intellectual ability. In the recitation room he was decidedly brilliant, evincing there clearness and breadth of comprehension, a tenacious memory, energy of thought and utterance, the whole set off with a fine voice, person and manner."

He did not identify himself with any of the fast and fashionable Southerners in the institution, nor seek any intimate fellowship with others. His studies monopolized him. It is no wonder that he was not counted among the popular students, but rather considered reserved and unsocial. The popular fellow in college and seminary is not always the man you hear from afterwards. The gifted Fuller was far from a

sullen recluse; no one was really more genial in spirit or more responsive to the sallies of genuine wit. The brilliancy of his talents never betrayed him into nerveless or spasmodic effort. Throughout a long life he never supposed that the possession of regal abilities obviated the need of hard work. Decision and energy were conspicuous traits of his student life. There was no flabbiness of purpose, and no division of aim. During the three and a half years in which he toiled and triumphed at Harvard, he grew into a striking and commanding presence. His figure was fully six feet high and admirably proportioned; his forehead was broad and high, his eyes teemed with expression, and his voice was capable of the most varied and exquisite modulations.

A distressing infirmity abruptly put an end to his work, when he was half advanced in his senior year. "Well do I remember," says he, "the sight of blood on the snow one morning as I was going to chapel. Some feeling of that wound in the breast, I carried with me through life." There were symptoms of a hemorrhage of the lungs. This was a dark eclipse of hope.

The foremost runner in the race for scholastic distinction falls as he stretches out his hand to clasp the goal, and is forced into melancholy retirement and repose. "For the first time," said he, "my mind awaked out of her dark, oblivious sleep; and turning from the aspirations of literary ambition, I began to think of Eternity." The young Carolinian's misfortune thrilled students and professors with regret and generous sympathy. He bore Harvard and the friends he had won, ever in his heart's affection.

A summer clime poured its tonic into the pale student's veins, and loving hearts "rallied his retreating hopes." The flush of health drove the pallor from his face as he plunged into those favorite sports around Sheldon which he had loved in his childhood. The convalescent collegian became at once a notable addition to society, as pleasing in manner as he was captivating in wit or charming in conversation. It is pretty well vouched for, that at this time, a little affair of the heart, which took an unfavorable turn, gave him a sudden inspiration to take a sea voyage. It was during this excursion that he learned the pleasing

fact of the superiority of his constitution to the sickness of the sea.

The time had now arrived when it was necessary to choose the profession wherein his gifts and energies should find congenial and lucrative employment. He chose the law. With his accustomed ardor he bent to his legal studies, and before the age of twenty-one, was admitted to the bar. Not long did he wait for practice. Immediately he rose to eminence as an able and eloquent pleader. During the seven years which he gave to the profession, patronage steadily increased and his annual income rose to six thousand dollars. When twenty-four years old, a startling incident in the criminal court is said to have had no little influence in disgusting him with the profession. A young man in the community, seemingly amiable and inoffensive, was charged with the murder of his negro slave. Fuller was asked to defend the case, but was much disinclined thereto, owing to his own grave suspicions of the prisoner's guilt. By way of confirming his protestations of innocence, the accused gave him a delicate package of letters, inscribed by a feminine hand in North Carolina. Reading them, the law-

yer became instantly convinced that a man glorified by so much affection could not be an atrocious murderer. He took the case. A double motive stirred him to the knightliest endeavor: the vindication of a guiltless man, and the happiness of a sorrowing maiden. He won his case. The long mental strain, with necessary, tedious journeys through fever haunted districts, incident to the trial, prostrated the triumphant advocate and brought him to the edge of the grave. Many months intervened before full health returned. About a year after his recovery, he read a proclamation from the governor of North Carolina, offering a reward for the arrest of his amiable client, who had murdered his wife and made his escape.

Already we have seen in him signs of thoughtfulness about the concerns of God and Eternity. An old Baptist minister, Benjamin Scriven, at the door of death, sent for his young friend and entreated him to yield himself to Christ. Tears streamed down Fuller's cheeks, as the Spirit pressed the good seed deeper into his heart. Soon thereafter he united with the Episcopal Church, and was baptized in the river

by the rector. Some one sneered at him a few days later, for becoming a kind of "mongrel Baptist," and was instantly knocked down for his bad manners.

In August 1831, his earthly happiness was consummated by marriage to Miss Charlotte Stuart, who walked at his side, a bright and helpful presence, to the end of his pilgrimage. In the same year that remarkable evangelist, Rev. Daniel Baker, mightily moved with his preaching, the Carolinas and Georgia. In Beaufort, many influential citizens made professions of faith, and among them was Richard Fuller. For him it was a time of holy rapture. From this moment, he knew the bar was to be exchanged for the pulpit, and also, that he must be a Baptist preacher. "Unwilling to come out of the Episcopal Church," said he, "we had before tried to satisfy our consciences, by being immersed into that communion." He determined on rebaptism and Rev. Henry O. Wyer, pastor at Savannah, performed the service. Soon afterwards, he invited his legal associates to his hospitable home, and following the feast made announcement of the new

purpose of his life, and bade them an affectionate adieu.

His union with the happy little band of Baptists at Beaufort, was speedily followed by his ordination. It is credibly stated that the young peacher began his work, the same day, by the baptism of more than one hundred converts. The immediate call to the pastoral charge of the church was accepted, and retained during the next fifteen years. This was in 1832, and Fuller was twenty-eight years of age. He entered on this work with the noblest enthusiasm of his life. Since their organization in 1800, the Baptists had been relatively weak, the patient subjects of social contempt and religious prejudice. The flaming consecration and passionate eloquence of the pastor materially changed these sentiments, and made the Baptist Church the center of popular religious interest and power. From the beginning, the master passion of his ministry, was personal love to Jesus. Like Paul, it was his supreme wish to be accounted the obedient "slave" of his Lord. Without theological equipment, he felt the absolute need of deep, wide study of the Word of God. He labored on his sermons

with intense conscientiousness. He resolved never to insult the Master with indolent preparation, or superficial and ineffectual performance. Strenuous and sustained activity like this ought to recall to the young preacher's mind the noble words of Emerson: "I cannot even hear of personal vigor of any kind, or great power of performance, without fresh resolution." The man who tries to make easy work of preaching finds no encouragement in this son of genius. If one wants to indulge his laziness, unquestionably the ministry offers not a few opportunities, but barrenness and contempt shall be the portion of him who accepts them. Too frequently the danger lies, as in the case of Fuller, in the direction of overtaxed powers and physical collapse. In the fourth year of these pastoral labors, the old chest and throat trouble threatened to return, and the physicians ordered him to Europe. The tumbling ocean, sunny France and Italy, historic cities and the sublimities of Alpine scenery gave him enlarged conceptions, mental enrichment and complete physical invigoration. The return in November, 1836, was an occasion of great joy to his flock, and of

new impulse in churchly activity. A new house of worship had now become a necessity, the old one having fallen into decay. The pastor subscribed liberally, and appealed to the members, whose poverty utterly forbade the hope of securing an adequate sum. Shall he visit the cities and ask for help? His pride at first revolted, but this seemed to be the only door of hope. Conscious of doing it for Christ's sake he boldly sallied forth to the larger towns of South Carolina and Georgia. The devout reaction from the sense of distaste for this work, he recorded as follows: "But what a conceited fool am I, to be minding so much the mortification of my feelings. Much that we call delicacy is, I am sure, sinful. Is there anything to be ashamed of in any work to which my Lord can call me. Much have I suffered, and must still encounter in my present work; but it is a 'great work,' and I will go in the strength of the Lord God." The house was finally completed and dedicated in 1844.

Many negroes were members of the church, and to the dense and dusky masses in the ample gallery, he often directed an impassioned appeal. Their beamy faces

approbative nods and unctuous exclamations, gratefully stimulated the preacher's mental action. "Conscious that ambition was my sin," he once said to a friend, "I had resolved, when first called to the ministry to confine my labors wholly to our colored population. I was prevented by the hand of God." Gifts so royal, like the shining sun, could not become the exclusive possession of any class or race of men.

Educated young men, expecting to enter the ministry, craved the privilege of sitting at his feet and acting as his assistants. Directing their studies, he tactfully blended the keenness of criticism, with the helpfulness of commendation. But their chiefest benefit came from his example of hard work, and the inspiration of his mighty discourses. The fame of the pastor spread rapidly from the start. His skill as a soul winner put him in request in all of the leading churches. In Savannah, Augusta and Charleston, great multitudes confessed his power. His intellectual and spiritual faculties attained a speedy maturity, and it is probable that the effectiveness of his preaching never exceeded the measure, which was realized at the age of thirty-seven. It was exactly at

this period of his life when he delivered the memorable sermon on "The Cross," before the Triennial Convetion in Baltimore in 1841. At the close of that majestic deliverance, Richard Fuller stood unveiled as a great American preacher. Think of it, he had not yet been in the pulpit nine years! That trumpet blast still tingles with power, and avails to unseal the fountains of the human heart. I commend it to your analysis, and beg you to note its striking adaptation to soothe and heal the painful exasperations, growing out of the discussions of slavery; observe its thoughtfulness, its imaginative sweep, and its torrent-like rush of overwhelming emotion. Who of you can study this sermon without the feeling described by Emerson?

When approached on the subject of a call to the presidency of Columbian College, he said: "I would not exchange my pulpit, where I can preach Christ, for all the chairs of all the colleges in the world."

In the spring of 1846 he aided in a great meeting in Charleston. That revival gave to the kingdom of God and the Baptist denomination, H. Allen Tupper and James P. Boyce. In these services he achieved some

of the most wonderful feats of sacred oratory. He was preaching on the text: "If they believe not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead." He showed that the Jew of our Savior's day had stronger grounds of faith than could have been given by one risen from the dead. He then proved that the congregation before him had better evidence than the Jew. The pastor, Dr. N. M. Crawford, describes what followed: "Their feelings began to move, when suddenly he exclaimed: 'But you still demand the testimony of the dead? Have, then, your wish. I vacate the pulpit,' and suiting the action to the words, he stepped back to the remotest corner, as if to give place to a new speaker. He continued, 'Come forth, thou man from the pit'; and again he stooped forward and stretched forth his arm, slowly raising it as if to help the new comer to his place. In the meantime, with words of fire, he described the blazing Dives, breathing flames, and uttering at once lamentations of despair, and exhortations to flee the wrath to come. Never have I beheld such a scene as the congregation then presented. Everyone's hair stood on end,

and terror petrified every countenance."

Dr. Fuller was not born for controversy, and yet it was his lot, in 1839, to become involved in a debate on Romanism with Rev. John England, the Catholic Bishop of Charleston. It was brief and ended, as is not unusual, in comparative or entire inutility. The disputants treated each other with distinguished courtesy, and the battle closed with mutual esteem. In the winter of 1844–5 a more redoubtable antagonist tipped his shield with a lance, and cast a gauntlet at his feet. The issue was "Slavery," and Dr. Francis Wayland was his opponent. The discussion turned on the scripturalness of the institution, and being thus limited in range, it required only six letters apiece to reach a conclusion. Like Dr. Jeter's speech in Philadelphia, on the same subject, each series of letters gave great pleasure to those who agreed with them. The chief value of the contest was the display of good manners it afforded. The example of two lofty Christian gentlemen, stoutly contending for their respective views, and yet preserving mutual admiration and love, is one that modern theological pugilists ought to ponder. Dr. Wayland

said he would give all of his learning and philosophy to be able to preach as Richard Fuller did.

The great sermon of April 28, 1841, lingered in the memory of the Baltimore Baptists. In February, 1846, the deacons of the Seventh Church wrote to him concerning a call. Many were the invitations which wealthy churches had given him to forsake his Beaufort charge, but in vain. But this voice from Baltimore strangely impressed him, and the nobleness of the man disclosed itself in the correspondence which ensued. The church was neither numerous nor strong. Two ineffectual calls on other men gave no twinge to his pride. He distinctly assured them that the wants and afflictions of the church, moved him more than its prosperity could have done. He thought that Baltimore would give him a better point of view from which to study the slavery agitation, which he saw was the menacing danger of the Republic. He demanded a more creditable house of worship, and pledged five hundred dollars for the enterprise. The church full of delight at the thought of winning him, asked that he dictate his own terms.

The call was accepted, and a happy, fruitful pastorate of fifteen years closed amid a people's lamentation. He entered this larger field at the age of forty-three, and enriched it during the next twenty-nine years with the products of industry and genius.

"The Acts, not the Words of the Apostles," was a favorite phrase often on his lips. It strikes one as uncommon, this intense practicalness, in union with so fine an oratorical temperament. In the winter of 1848, multifarious work had so consumed him that a season of rest became a necessity. Again he appealed to the recuperative virtues of the soft climate of the old home, its woodland sports, and the sweet companionship of brothers and sisters.

His great abilities as a platform speaker, and the well-known largeness of his Christian sympathies, created frequent demand for him, where enterprises of a general Christian or humanitarian character were to be presented. In January, 1851, the American Colonization Society held an important meeting in Washington City. Henry Clay presided, and President Fillmore, with many other notable men sat on the

platform. Mr. Clay made the first speech and Dr. Fuller the second. Both orators thought that the extinction of slavery was a thing to be desired. Mr. Clay expected it to come about by such an increase of population as would make slave labor unprofitable, because of the cheapness of free labor. Dr. Fuller thought that the remedy lay in gradual deportation and colonization in Africa. He rebuked the impatience of the North on one hand, and the sensitive temper of the South on the other. His Southern friends thanked him for neither his moderation nor his admonition. Visiting Beaufort shortly afterwards, it was seriously debated whether or not the people desired to hear him preach.

In 1860, in the city of New York, he made the annual address before the American Tract Society; and in 1876, in the same city, before the World's Evangelical Alliance, he spoke on the subject of "Personal Religion." The leading institutions of the country sought him eagerly for commencement occasions.

The troublous times of 1861 came on irresistibly. It was a most trying situation for men like Dr. Fuller, whose local

attachments and tenderest earthly ties bound him to the South, and yet whose soul was indissolubly bound up with the American Union. When passion rages, and frenzied excitement rules the hour, moderation becomes a despicable thing on every hand. It has no friends. It becomes the object of grossly unjust suspicion and malignant misrepresentation. The intense painfulness of his situation was like that of a soldier exposed to a galling cross-fire on the field of battle. The upper and the nether millstones threatened to grind him to powder. An incident at Savannah, Ga., in May, 1861, in the Southern Baptist Convention, added fresh exasperations and gave another deadly stab at his peace. Political excitement being at a white heat, the convention adopted resolutions of sympathy with the Confederate States. Dr. Fuller was on the committee that introduced them, and yet, as a citizen of a loyal State, he distinctly proposed to maintain his allegiance to the Union. His supposed authorship of the resolutions exposed him to coldness and distrust in his own church, to odium among honored brethren at the North, and even to personal peril in Balti-

more. Two detectives, thoroughly disguised, called on him in his study and with the air of profound secrecy, broached the subject of a subscription for equipping a band of young men in the city, who were to join the Southern army. He discerned the plot in a moment, and indignantly ordered them out of his house. Through these dreadful years, preserving silence on political themes, he bore himself loyally before Christ and discreetly before men. It was not until 1868, at the meeting of the convention in Baltimore, that the mystery was cleared. Some reference having been made to Dr. Fuller's complicity with the resolutions of '61, Dr. Winkler, of South Carolina, arose and said: "I have long desired to say that my brother, Dr. Fuller, magnanimously bore, during all the war, the odium and extreme peril of seeming to be the author of those resolutions, when he was not. Those portions which were so intensely offensive to the North were written by me." After the convention Dr. Fuller made explanation of his own long silence on the painfully bitter episode: "The resolutions were not enough mine to accept honor for them, where there was

honor; they were too much mine to shun any danger attending them, where there was danger. Therefore, at Savannah I gave honor to whom it was due; here I did not whisper to any human being, not even to my wife, that I had *opposed* the resolutions, for in case of my imprisonment, which I at one time hourly expected, that would have been pleaded in my behalf, cast the danger upon others, and exposed me to the charge of being wanting in courage, of having revealed the secrets of the committee-room, and of being perfidious to the sacred claim of friendship, love, and honor." When Dr. Jeter heard this, he exclaimed: "The spirit and courage of the old Romans have not died out yet!"

As an angel of mercy, he ministered to suffering soldiers, whether clad in blue or gray. The multitude of his kind offices and benefactions naturally flowed to impoverished friends and relatives in the South. Much of his own property had perished, but the old princely generosity survived.

He who pleaded for peace before the struggle now lifts his potent voice for harmony at its close. Purified as by fire, the

nobleness of his character disclosed, on him centers a new admiration and a holier affection. The sufferer becomes the mediating spirit between brethren estranged. When this convention of 1868 was near at hand, he wrote letters full of apostolic yearning to prominent brethren in the North, entreating them to come down and mingle once more, in the spirit of Christian love, with their Southern brethren. So great was his influence with the national leaders that he early secured the political freedom of two of South Carolina's Confederate generals.

Just here must be mentioned a visit he made to Beaufort at the close of the war in company with Chief Justice Chase. Its object was to discover the condition of the freedmen. The arrival of the company caused great excitement among the negroes. A multitude soon assembled round a platform under the open sky. The news had quickly flashed through the community that Dr. Fuller had come, and was going to speak to his former slaves and their friends. On his native heath, he is a greater man than the Chief Justice. Before the speaking begins the congregation must sing its wel-

come to the distinguished visitors. A picturesque old patriarch with a cracked voice stood on the platform and launched the melody. All the jubilant gladness and demonstrative affection of the negro's soul poured forth in the sentiment:

"Massa Fullah a-sittin' on de tree of life,
Massa Fullah a-sittin' on de tree of life;
Roll, Jordan, roll!
Massa Fullah a-sittin' on de tree of life;
Roll, Jordan, roll!"

The names of the Chief Justice and General Saxby were also intertwined in the same musical compliment; then came the speaking and next the handshaking. A reporter who witnessed the scene says: "There came a rush to the stand 'to speak to Massa Richard.' Men and women pressed forward indiscriminately; they pushed up against him, kissed his hands, passed their fingers over his hair, crowded about, eager to get a word of recognition." The officer of the cutter which brought the company down had been rebuked by the Doctor for his profanity. Looking on this scene, he said: "I take back every harsh thought. I'd give all I'm worth, or ever hope to be worth in this world, to be loved by as many people as love him."

Twenty years of incessant, varied labor had its reward in the establishment of a large and powerful congregation. The eighty-seven who greeted his coming had, in 1867, grown to twelve hundred. His pulpit was a stable attraction in the city, and the presence of intelligent strangers in the pews was habitual. To his thoughtful brethren the membership seemed too large for one man's oversight; hence the question of colonizing in another part of the city began to be discussed. The church approved, and in December, 1867, the committee was appointed which was to take complete charge of the matter. The handsome edifice on Eutaw Place commemorates the wisdom of this policy of church extension, as well as the whole-hearted liberality of his people. On the first Sunday of April, 1871, the pastor preached the dedication sermon. Those identified with the new enterprise felt that they needed the leadership of the old shepherd. The call was extended, and a sore conflict of emotions arose in the pastor's heart. That arrangement, which would be well-pleasing to Jesus, was the unaffected and sincere craving of his soul. He suggested to them

the name of an able and consecrated minister. He was growing old, and changes were unwelcome to him. Those he was invited to leave were dear brethren. His acceptance finally put an end to the struggle. In consenting to go out with his detachment, he added that nothing could induce him to withdraw from the Seventh Church until they had secured a pastor. Equally loved and longed for by the old flock and the young, the situation was curiously tender and complex. Yet there was no jar. The Spirit of God gently guided the destinies of the two churches. Richard Fuller reminds us of Jacob, when he said: "With my staff I passed over this Jordan, and now I am become two bands."

With one hundred and seventy-one members, in the spring of 1871 he moved out into the battle of the Lord. At the close of the five years, when the staff fell from his hand, the number had grown to four hundred and fifty-two. As he entered the winter of his seventy-second year, unwelcome signs of decay in the splendid physical frame began to appear. A serious inflammation attacked his right shoulder, and the physicians forbade his preaching for two

months. Dr. Cuthbert, his biographer, touchingly describes the sufferer's feelings during the enforced silence: "How he panted for the raptures and triumphs of the pulpit! As the war-horse hears the sound of the battle, the peal of the trumpet, and the charge of the squadrons, but is kept back from the fray, he heard from his study the chime of Sabbath bells, and his soul longed for the assemblies of the saints and the holy ardors of the pulpit." He never recovered from the attack, though for a season he rallied and with joy resumed his pastoral duties.

A peculiar earnestness and spirituality marked these closing ministrations. The summer of 1876 came on, and he took his last vacation on the coast of New Jersey. Born on the coast, the ocean always possessed for him a potent charm. During those soft summer days, old ocean blew her balmy airs in his face, and tuned all her voices to regale the dear man of God, but with a far-away look he gazed across the waste of waters to a better country where there is no more sea.

September 10th found him in his pulpit. Likewise on the 17th; and on the 24th he

preached his last sermon. The malignant carbuncle had assaulted him again with added fury. His own touching words of description were: "The Master has touched my shoulder with a dagger of fire." On the 20th of October, 1876, a cloud folded him about, and Fuller's imperial spirit "crossed the bar," and met his "Pilot face to face."

The excellencies of the great preacher's life and character should furnish a stimulating study for the young ministers of this Seminary. His pastoral fidelity was not even surpassed by his pulpit eloquence. It is too common to flout this department of the minister's work. Dr. Fuller believed that the man who neglects it, is, so far forth, unfaithful to Jesus. He early discovered in Beaufort that a preacher, to be felt by his people, must see them familiarly and sympathetically in their homes. His lack of theological training and his natural love of study unwittingly led him, at first, to neglect this spiritual function. A full house was assured by his oratory, but this did not satisfy a conscientious man who longed for the highest spiritual good of each hearer. Personal attention prepared

the soil to welcome the good seed to be sowed. Dr. J. W. M. Williams, his colleague, during more than a quarter of a century, says of him: "I question whether any pastor in Baltimore, of any denomination, did half as much work as he. He neglected no one. He went everywhere, especially if he saw the least chance to win a soul to Christ. He should be held up as an example to the ministry, especially to young ministers, to show that genius, talent, learning, eloquence, is not all; that if they would succeed, they must be workers."

To a lady reduced from wealth to poverty he secretly sent supplies. She guessed her benefactor and uttered a remonstrance. He replied: "You wronged me as your pastor in not telling me your need." Tempted, discouraged souls sometimes asked that their names be dropped from the church roll. He would answer: "Brother, when I take your name off, I take my own. You have been overtaken in a fault. I have sins that do not appear." It was not unusual for him to go home with the bereaved after the funeral and say: "I knew you would be lonely. I came to kneel down with you

and ask God to comfort you." This is pastoral labor, and the man who does it for Christ's sake will hold the heartstrings of his people in his hands. Men who sneer at this service are either superficial, or wholly unworthy of the heavenly calling.

But it is in the pulpit that he most attracts and enchains us. Pre-eminently he was a biblical preacher. He understood the positive unmistakable command of his Master to be: "Preach the Gospel." Putting a due emphasis on science, philosophy, humanitarianism, and social reform, he never allowed these themes to usurp his pulpit, which to him seemed nothing less than treason to the Kingdom of God, and a most subtle and dangerous form of infidelity. I vehemently believe he was right. His reverence for Jesus Christ, and an exquisite sense of Christian honor always held him to the central themes of the Gospel. His mind had been overborne and subjugated by the facts of man's ruin by sin, and God's remedy in the blood of an eternal covenant.

Dr. John A. Broadus thought that in pursuing this noble determination to preach Jesus only, he probably erred in giving his

commission too narrow an interpretation, thus scarcely giving himself sufficient variety of topic and treatment. Undeniably, such a mistake is possible, but in a time when so much pulpit sensationalism, perversion and degradation prevail, one can hardly refrain from wishing that it were more frequently committed.

He cheerfully preached commencement sermons, but literary addresses and lectures he distinctly declined. These he probably regarded a waste of his time. He once consented to lecture on a literary subject in Washington, but canceled the engagement because if he began, he said he should preach before he got through, and that might be regarded as an impertinence. "He did, it appears, make one or two ventures of the kind in the lecture field, but with little satisfaction either to his friends or himself."

On Monday morning by nine o'clock his texts were selected for the following Sunday. The morning sermon engaged him until Thursday, and the rest of the week he gave to the second. He was a diligent student of Saurin's sermons, and if any one may be said to have been his model, it was

the great French preacher. Interruptions during study hours he could not endure. In his insistence on the rights of pulpit preparation he was inexorable, even at the risk sometimes, of inconvenience and offense to his friends. He was called to preach on the occasion of the dedication of the First Baptist Church of Philadelphia. Just before the hour of the evening service, the excellent Dr. Newton Brown called, "Tell him," said the preacher, "if the apostle Paul or my grandmother called, they would have to wait until after service."

His mind was not metaphysical. Capable, by natural gift, of abstruse speculation, he was utterly impatient of such processes in the sermon. His logical powers received large cultivation in the legal profession, but in the ministry he put little value on dialectics and demonstrations. To him, the text was the Word of God, and needed no proof. Explanation, enforcement and application of Scripture for immediate results, was in substance, his theory of preaching.

In the powers of imagination and pathos resided much of his strength. When these were in fine play he held his audiences en-

tranced, trembling or weeping as at the will of an enchanter. Dr. Broadus said to his class in Homiletics, that Jonathan Edwards and Richard Fuller were the two great American preachers.

In 1860 he published a volume of sermons, and after his death two other volumes were issued from the press. The gracefulness of his pen added to the volume of his fame and to the extent of his usefulness. In 1869, at the invitation of Drs. J. B. Jeter and A. E. Dickinson, he became an associate editor of the *Religious Herald*.

The spirit of the great preacher was sunny like the skies under which he was born. Cheerfulness of disposition was a grace which he carried through all his ministry, making his visits to rich and poor like a burst of sunshine.

The spirit and habit of humble prayer was present in all his work, and even in the pleasures and diversions of life. God gave him power to actualize the eternal realities and to demean himself as ever in the great Taskmaster's eye. Desire for holiness became more and more the hunger of the soul.

Farrar's Life of Christ came into his hands during the months of suffering, re-

freshing him as a waterbrook of salvation, and cheering him as an angel, while he walked through the land of Beulah. In the darkness and delirium of the last hours the dying lips said feebly, "Jesus, Saviour, pilot me," and thus he passed out, voyaging an unknown sea, on which a mystery of cloud has rested forever.

REV. JEREMIAH BELL JETER, D.D.

IN the beginning of this century there lived in the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia, a youth, to fortune and to fame unknown.

Tall, awkward and ungainly, he was yet unabashed, buoyant, resolute. His large chin betokened strength; determination expressed itself in firm set lips; while on his ample brow a group of splendid gifts had clearly set their seal. Out of clear blue eyes beamed chastity, honor and intelligence. The mountain ranges about the humble home, and the Peaks of Otter shed benign influences on his spirit. The splendors of earth and sky, the ridges clothed in purple tenderness after sunset, the vastness of mountain form—all held suggestions for him that may not be set down in human speech.

This boy was a dreamer. He reminds us of Joseph, the young mountaineer of Canaan, out of whose tender brain arose those visions, prophetic of coming greatness.

Young Jeter built his castles in the air. Phantasms of noble achievement lifted themselves before his delighted imagination, and mightily relieved the sense of rural monotony. Ambitious hopes leaped up like angels from his confident soul. It is good for a youth to be a dreamer. Let him uprear his aerial castles. They are indications of capacity; nature's hint of dormant power. The boy who never has them is a dull lump of clay. Tear not the castles down; put foundations underneath. This did Joseph. With that marked Semitic trait of iron fixity of purpose, and capacity for hard work, he built the massive substructions of an imperishable fame. Thus did our young Virginian. Hard, imprisoning circumstance could not confine his energies, nor defiant obstacle retard his progress. His eminently successful life is a tribute to our country's beneficent institutions of civil and religious freedom, and an inspirational force which our Seminary wisely seeks to cherish.

Jeremiah Bell Jeter was born July 18, 1802, in Bedford County, Va. The name "Jeter" is French, and supposably of Huguenot origin. In his "Recollections"

he said of his family that they were "remarkable for mediocre character, neither rich nor poor, learned nor illiterate, eminent nor infamous." "My father," says he, "was remarkable for nothing except bad management in his secular affairs, and air-castle building." His mother was the daughter of Rev. Jeremiah Hatcher, a Baptist preacher without culture, but full of courage and consecration. Three sons and four daughters came into her home, our dreamer being the oldest child. This mother, a timid, shrinking woman who, it appears, never united with the church, exercised over her son a gentle religious influence. She was the only person who ever spoke to the growing lad about his soul. In after years his filial devotion to this mother was altogether beautiful. While she lived nothing was allowed to defeat his annual visit, which to the aged parent was a season of holy and tender joy. From her he derived the stable and practical qualities of his mind, while from the visionary father descended the rich inheritance of hopefulness and great expectations.

No inspiration dwelt in the social life of the community. Good schools were un-

known, there were no newspapers, and books in the home were of little value. Aspirations for learning were exceptional and weak, and the schoolmaster was literally held in contempt, being regarded as a man too lazy to succeed in other lines of work. Prayer meetings were rare, and Sunday schools did not exist. Preaching, too commonly, was drily doctrinal and denunciatory; uninstructive and disfigured with the holy tone. It was a time of primitive ignorance; a time of free drinking on Court and Muster days, with attendant rowdyism and pugilism.

Amidst moral and intellectual sterilities like these, it was his unhappiness to be born and reared. Not one striking personality crossed his youth to stir him with a stimulating example. Aside from his Bible, not a great book unsealed its treasures to his mind. The native ardors of his soul were fanned by one young teacher only, Lewis Parker, which was ever regarded as the one redeeming incident of his school life. This dead level of mental and spiritual barrenness contrasted strangely with the pomp of the mountains and the pictures that blazed in young Jeter's brain. His

jubilant and insuppressible spirit constantly bounded out of these stern limitations. He saw the Peaks of Otter bow themselves before his majesty.

With perfect distinctness was early matured in his mind the purpose "to do his very best." Exterior advantage was pitifully meagre; his resources were mostly in himself. Desire to know was the distinguishing passion of his childhood. When in the presence of persons of supposed superior intelligence, he was an unterrified questioner. His inquisitiveness sometimes exposed him to the suspicion of bad manners. It was simply the goading of a ravenous appetite for knowledge. It was this craving that led him into the longest and holiest friendship of his life. Daniel Witt was a neighbor boy a few months older than himself. "I remember definitely," says Dr. Jeter "that my attention was drawn to him, and my desire to cultivate his acquaintance was awakened by hearing him use the word 'circuitous.' Its use indicated a degree of mental culture above that of my neighbors, and I immediately sought his society." Dr. Witt, long afterwards, describing the impressions

made upon him by the new friend, says: "He was full of fire and enthusiasm, and in point of general information and in force of native intellect he seemed to be far in advance of his associates." This mental eagerness never forsook him. At the age of seventy-five the enthusiasm of investigation and the zest for learning were unabated.

At seven the slender, blue-eyed clumsy boy went to his first school. The benefits were dismally small. A rain theory at this time came into his active juvenile brain. Hear him define it: "The clouds, I supposed, were made of tin, or some similar metal, filled with water and perforated with small holes—after the manner of a watering pot, which then I had never seen —each hole was stopped with a small peg, to each peg a long string was tied, the great man in the skies held every string in his hand, and when he wished it to rain, he jerked the strings, drew out the pegs, and down came the rain."

When nine years old, while attending another school a curiously significant event occurred. Beginning in the alphabet he learned to read in less than fourteen days.

The accomplishment seemed to him to come by chance. Looking forward one day in his spelling book he saw the sentence: "No man may put off the law of God." "I spelt one word after another," writes he, "till the sense of the line burst upon my mind, and the mystery of reading was revealed to me. From that moment my thirst for learning became insatiable, and I pursued it in all its accessible paths with increasing pleasure."

It is an amusing account that he has given us of a spelling-match that occurred in his tenth year, between two schools of adjoining neighborhoods. Himself and John Houston were the respective champions. On middle ground at the blacksmith's shop gathered an expectant throng. The striplings stood out before the admiring gaze of their respective friends and well-wishers. Webster's spelling book was produced and the contest began. Jeter won a brilliant victory, and his bright but unfortunate antagonist burst into tears. Native ambition and love of mastery were doubtless deeply stimulated by this triumph.

The duties of the farm early claimed

him, and it was only in the intervals of labor that these wretched scholastic advantages could be utilized. Even in the competitions of toil you find him striving for the pre-eminence. The athletic boy once entered the harvest field with his cradle, and with characteristic boldness ventured forth in the lead of stalwart men. It was banteringly predicted that he would soon drop to the rear rank of the reapers. To the surprise and admiration of all he swept on in the lead until high noon. This youth is evidently destined to leadership.

We come now to note a change, the most momentous that ever befalls in any human life. A religious revival of unusual power arose in Bedford County, in 1821. Owing to the habitual neglect of the young in the ministrations of the pulpit, common in that day, the boy had grown up in ignorance of the Gospel. The interest of young people in religion was not expected, and when it really appeared was too apt to be regarded with indifference or suspicion. He had never been openly irreligious or vicious. Pollution had not soiled him; passion had not scorched or burnt his soul. There were no church members in his home, nor had the

claims of religion ever assumed for him a personal significance. In boyhood he hoped sometime to be converted, but it did not occur to him that to be a Christian was a present duty. The first prayer he ever uttered was in the summer of his seventeenth year as he followed the plough. Thinking of the majesty of God he fell on his knees and pleaded for mercy. The solemnity of this experience passed away as the morning dew. The revival came two years later, and multitudes found a new hope and a new life. Young Jeter, never averse to religion, was at the same time full of vitality, ambition, restlessness; fond of a jest and ready for a practical joke. The power of the Spirit arrested him; the Word pierced his conscience. His way to the Cross was slow, irregular and clouded by misconceptions. His perverse ambition thrust itself absurdly enough into this sacred experience. Seeing his friend Witt and others, under like impressions, the resolution was formed to surpass them all, in entering the Kingdom of Heaven. In two months he discovered the audacity of his folly, and meekly laid himself as a poor blind sinner at Jesus' feet.

The men who have done anything noteworthy in this world, have invariably given early intimation of power. These premonitions often come before the age of twenty. If they do not appear before thirty, be sure that nature has confided her gift to another. This untrained, unpolished mountaineer gave instant signs of unsuspected abilities. He was baptized by elder William Harris, on the first Sunday of December 1821. Coming up out of the water and standing on the bank of the stream, he delivered his first sermon. His zeal knew no hesitation. The consciousness of ignorance and awkwardness did not abash him. "In one day, as by a single bound, he passed from the plough to the pulpit." Six weeks later, at the request of his pastor, he preached in a private house from the text: "For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might become rich." II. Cor. 8:9. The sermon was like a gale from the heavenly world. In after life, he doubted whether he had ever been more effective. Elder Harris said that it thrilled the audience into the wildest excitement.

In boyhood he had bean accustomed to repeat, between the plough handles, the sermon which he had heard on the previous Sunday. This he did as a pleasing intellectual exercise, with no interest whatever in the sermon. Thus, was going on an unconscious preparation, which served him well in these maiden efforts.

Temptation lurked close to his rapturous success. The fame of him spread like a contagion, and other neighborhoods eagerly wished to hear the new Boanerges. One of the most intelligent communities of the county complimented him with an appointment. Without any preparation he appeared before a crowded audience. The progress made in his second sermon beyond the first, filled him with delicious anticipations of the heights he would attain in the third. Had poor John Houston been present, his revenge, if he had cherished any, would have melted into pity. The failure was abysmal, and the mortification complete. He learned the salutary lesson that preaching power does not come in geometrical progression.

Daniel Witt's conversion and entrance nto the ministry followed close upon that

of Jeter. As twin brothers in grace, they preached together throughout several contiguous counties. The meeting houses could not hold the crowds that flocked to hear the boy preachers. Suppressed weeping and sobbing not unfrequently followed their services, and many were turned into righteousness. These desultory labors lasted about one and a half years, cementing a holy friendship which lasted half a century.

Dr. Hatcher, in his really brilliant "Life of Jeter," has given the following contrast between this David and Jonathan. "Witt was slender in form, delicate in health, of singularly nervous temperament, intensely sentimental, and remarkably soft and gentle in his manner; Jeter was of towering height, quite slender in form, fearless in his movements and notoriously ambitious. Witt was poetical, rhetorical and graceful; Jeter was unfortunate in his voice, logical in his method of thought and unattractive in delivery. Witt had no great thirst for popularity, and yet in his earlier days was surpassingly popular. Jeter possessed a craving for admiration not easy to restrain, and yet his companion far outstripped him

in popular favor." Had they been smaller souls or weaker men, these differences would surely have gendered jealousies and heartburnings. To their eternal credit be it said, this historic friendship never suffered even a momentary jar.

At this time, Baptists throughout the Union were mightily stirred by the Home Missionary impulse. In part, this was a refluent wave from the shores of Burmah. The demand naturally arose among the denominational leaders of Virginia, for a better organization of the Baptist forces of the State. Accordingly, a conference met in Richmond, in June, 1823, to consider the duties of the hour. In spite of grave fears that the liberties of the churches might in some way be imperiled, the State Association was organized. Jeter and Witt, whose labors had become widely known, were present, and on them fell the first honors of the State Mission Board. This was an enviable distinction for a boy not yet twenty-one years of age. The dreamer will see the sun and the moon do obeisance to him. The twin missionaries now had a state for their parish. They traversed the western, southern and eastern

parts of the State, preaching with flaming zeal, and making astounding discoveries of spiritual destitution. Their first report vindicated the wisdom of organization and gave zest and impetus to the Board.

At this juncture occurred, what to our human judgment, appears a most unhappy blunder. The two young preachers, conscious of abilities and expanding powers, became intensely anxious for opportunities of study, and better ministerial equipment. An interview with Dr. Luther Rice fanned the flame of desire to a white heat. He offered to secure to them an education in Columbian College, which, mainly by his heroic efforts, had been established in Washington City in 1822. The decision of the issue was loyally and humbly referred to Robert Semple and Andrew Broadus, the two foremost Baptist preachers in the State, and the ruling spirits of the Mission Board. They shook their heads. Not from any lack of sympathy with ministerial education, but because of the urgent need of effective preachers. Thus perished one of the fondest hopes that ever cast a momentary radiance on a young preacher's soul. The pangs of disappointment were

soon succeeded by cheerful acquiescence in the judgment of the seniors. It remained a painful memory, as having put limitations on the use of his powers, but he spent no time in vain regret or idle moaning. The purpose of his childhood, "to do his very best," had strengthened rather than weakened with the multiplying years. Horace Bushnell, in that masterly sermon on the theme, "Every man's life a plan of God," declares that "every human soul has a complete and perfect plan cherished for it in the heart of God, a divine biography marked out, which it enters into life, to live." Here is solid comfort to him who stands amid the chills of penury and baffled hopes.

"Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait."

The hour strikes for the separation of the missionaries. By way of compensation, Witt goes into the home of Dr. Semple, and Jeter into that of Rev. Nathaniel Chambliss of Sussex County, Virginia. Each finds a new base of evangelization, and coveted facilities for study and instruction. Here Jeter remained nearly three

years. He found books and culture, domestic kindness, and abundant Christian sympathy. His famished mind reveled in luxury. "I devoured," he says, "Dwight's Theology, Mosheim's Ecclesiastical History, and many other volumes of real merit. Probably, in no equal period of my life did I acquire so much useful knowledge, or contribute so largely to my habit of studying."

His preaching, which was continuous, and over wide tracts of territory, grew constantly in grasp and power. On the 4th of May, 1824, he was ordained by elders Chambliss and John D. Williams. Two years thereafter, he exchanged the duties of a missionary for those of a pastor.

We have now traversed the most interesting and instructive section of his history. The evolution of the man is more vital than his deeds. When we have understood the co-operating forces that make a great character, we are prepared to receive his noble performance, as a matter of course. Natively, he was of large and generous mould. When he was born, nature broke her law of parsimony with the Jeter family, to which he so candidly re-

ferred. "When Columbus first saw the river Orinoco, some one remarked to him, that he must have discovered an island." His reply was, "no such river as that flows from an island, that mighty torrent must drain the waters of a continent." From no common personality can come the abundant labors, the able leadership and the varied usefulness which we are now to pass under brief review.

The attraction of the mountains drew the young preacher away from the lowlands, and in Campbell County, next adjoining his beloved Bedford, he located as an assistant pastor, in connection with two churches. The field disappointed him sorely in its unfruitfulness, so that he remained only eighteen months. While here, the death of his young bride, threw a horror of darkness on his soul. He accepted a call from two churches in the Northern Neck of Virginia, a district lying on the west bank of the lower Potomac. This was virtually his first pastorate, in which he labored through nine happy and prosperous years. This settlement, made in his twenty-sixth year, he regarded as having formed anoth- epoch in his life. The praises of his pre-

decessors, Samuel Straughan and Lewis Lunsford, men of conspicuous abilities, greeted him on every hand. Generously, the new pastor joined in the chorus of admiration, as he marshaled all his powers for supreme exertion. The culture of his audiences, as well as the fame of former pastors, keyed him to the pitch of intensity. The boy who swung the scythe in front of sturdy men, cannot brook a second rank in this higher competition. Tough of fiber and strong in health, he was capable of immense labor. Just now was formed the definite purpose of mastering the English language. Lucidity, vigor, elegance, inincreasingly became the charms of his tongue and pen. The preaching was in demonstration of the spirit, and received divine indorsement in the baptism of one thousand converts. Growth was phenominally rapid; success was brilliant; and the preacher sat on a throne in the hearts of his people.

Early in this pastorate, December 9, 1828, he was married to a Miss Gaskins, a member of one of his churches. A son, the only child that ever blessed his home,

was born to them. As a tender flower, it soon faded from the earth.

On the first Sunday in January, 1836, a new pastor preached his first sermon in the First Baptist Church of Richmond Virginia. It is not yet twelve years, since that tall, gaunt youth, coming to the Missionary Conference, had looked on the city with undisguised wonderment. Joseph stood before Pharaoh at thirty years of age. Our Bedford dreamer, before he was thirty-four, stood on the pinnacle of denominational eminence in the capital of his native State. No vain-glorious pride entered his soul. Not as King Saul, had he been lifted into exalted position, unseasoned and immature; but rather as King David, after his mind had been chastened, sobered and balanced by large experience. Without a hint of egotism he was conscious of abilities. It is not essential that a man shall be a stranger to his own aptitudes and capacities. Finding himself in lofty station, without his own seeking, he rightly took it as a trust from God, and plunged with new ardor into the enlarged and multiplied responsibilities. His towering form marked him for leadership; much

more, that judicial mind, and that commanding will. During the next thirteen and a half years, he bore himself grandly in this metropolitan charge.

The more critical audiences of the city, invigorated his resolutions respecting the mastery of English speech. The church grew steadily in members and power. There were seventeen hundred and seventeen members, thirteen hundred and eighty-four being negroes. It was like an ill-assorted class in school, one part in the alphabet, the other in Geometry and Metaphysics. The pastor boldly proposed a separate organization for the negroes, and a new house of worship for the whites. The first proposition raised a storm of public hostility. Abolition excitement ran high in those days, and the Nat Turner massacre in eastern Virginia, a few years before, had made the public mind exceedingly nervous about any new plan for improving the negroes' condition. Opposition was so general and furious, that the pastor was about to call a council of the Protestant pastors of the city for advice, when his devoted friend, Dr. Plumer, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, said

to him: "Don't do it. The clergy may decide against your plan; but it is right—the law is in your favor—go forward in the work and if you have trouble, I will stand by you." These brave words clarified the air, and gave that moral reinforcement that heroes sometimes need. The African church was established in 1842, and Dr. Robert Ryland, then President of Richmond College, became its pastor. The event made an era in negro evangelization in Richmond. With the same holy obstinacy, the building enterprise was pressed, so that in 1841, the congregation was led into one of the most commodious church edifices then existing in the Southern States, costing forty thousand dollars.

It was at the Triennial Convention in Philadelphia in 1844, that he began to show his capacity for intellectual gladiatorship. During an exciting discussion in that body, he stood calmly for half an hour, amid tumult and confusion, and was finally rewarded by the Chairman's announcement that "Brother Jeter has the floor." His speech was dispassionate, and as he naively says: "Was entirely satisfactory to those agreeing with me." A year

later, after having visited Dr. Francis Wayland and other Northern brethren, pursuant to their advice, he wrote a call for a meeting of Southern Baptists in Augusta, Georgia, which issued in the organization of the Southern Baptist Convention. In the year following, his fame as an orator, was enhanced by his noble address of welcome to Adoniram Judson, who was then on a visit to Richmond. Perhaps the sweetest satisfaction of Dr. Jeter, during these years of increasing renown, was the exquisite joy it brought to his mother. Happiness in her son's honor, shed a glory on life's evening hour, which contrasted touchingly with the clouds that enveloped its morning. A double stroke of affliction fell on him in the midst of teeming activities. He lost his wife and mother. Writing of the latter, he says: "It is to me, in old age, a great pleasure that I have no recollection of having disobeyed her, or uttered a disrespectful word to her."

Early in 1849, he laid down this second pastorate, in which he had baptized about one thousand converts, to accept the call of the Second Baptist Church of St. Louis, Missouri. He was now in his forty-eighth

year. Though he remained on this field only three years, he left there the inerasable marks of prodigious labor, comprehensive wisdom, and quenchless enthusiasm. Effectiveness of service is not measured by the time spent at it, but rather by that degree of perparation of mind and heart which is brought to its execution.

The impulse that he gave to city evangelization, is accumulating force until this day. He organized three new churches, all of which survive, one of them having the largest membership of any other Baptist church in Missouri. Into these little organizations he unselfishly sent out from his own flock, his best friends and helpers. Some discordant spirits remaining, his position was unhappily weakened, and himself made uncomfortable.

The Grace Street Church of Richmond, summoned him back to his native soil. His return to congenial associations was in the fall of 1852. On this field, during the next seventeen years, pouring out with unabated energy, the matured strength and wisdom of full manhood, he saw again the great blessing of the Lord. No specially dramatic incident or marked event signalized this

fourth and longest pastorate. His fame had long been national, and through these seventeen years he gave it the sure support that comes from sustained endeavor. In the midst of them, the war drum startled the nation, and for four weary years the dun clouds hung dismally over his city. In August 1861, his third domestic misfortune crashed upon him, in the death of his wife. She was formerly Miss Charlotte Wharton of Bedford County, Virginia, and was united in marriage to Dr. Jeter in January 1849. Concerning these strange alternations of private joys and sorrows, his charming bigographer has this reflection: "It is painful to reflect that in the eyes of coarse and suspicious people, Dr. Jeter's domestic character was often misunderstood. From his frequent marriages, they were quick to judge that he was a man of shallow sensibilities, and not capable of ardent attachments or deep sorrows. Such a thought was an injustice to him. His conjugal relations were always happy, and in the loss of his several wives, he suffered an anguish which only a true and real man can know. When bereft of wifely fellowship and sympathy, his isolation was

simply intolerable. He was obliged by the very necessities of his being, to appeal for support and cheer, to those whose love he could safely trust."

On May 5, 1863, Mrs. Mary C. Dabbs of Richmond became his wife, and in the estimate of his best friends, was the grace, the inspiration and blessing of his old age.

His resignation of the pastoral office occurred March 25, 1870. To assume the editorial pen, he laid down his shepherd's staff, which during nearly fifty years he had borne with consummate fidelity and ability. Since the autumn of 1865, he and Dr. A. E. Dickinson had been joint owners of the *Religious Herald*, and himself had been the senior editor. Now, according to a cherished purpose, the closing years of life are to be devoted to religious journalism. For a man at the age of sixty-four, this was rather a bold venture into an untried sphere. But the task was congenial, and that fine command of English written style, which he had in an eminent degree, with large intellectual resources, was at once his qualification and guaranty of success. Discretion, self-control, dignity, charity and humble piety were the regulat-

ing principles of his editorial life, nor is it invidious to say, that he made the *Herald* the leading organ of the Southern Baptist Convention.

The evening of life draws gently on, and the shadows lengthen peacefully across the valleys. The stalwart frame shows signs of drooping, and a certain unsteadiness marks his gait. Like the setting sun, though dimmed in his radiance, he is undiminished in his magnitude. Owing to a naturally vigorous constitution, and exceeding good habits, he never knew much of physical pain.

Early in 1880 a serious sickness assailed him. The devices of medical skill, and the tender ministries of love, sought to detain the old hero. But he was laying off his armor; he had fought a good fight; he had finished his course. He passed away at four o'clock, Wednesday morning, February 18, 1880, lacking only five months of being seventy-eight years of age.

The annals of the Baptist pulpit will hardly furnish a parallel to this story of early stringencies, and later achievements. Out of the prison house of harsh conditions, arose a mighty spirit in the Kingdom

of God. Here is an eternal spur to the young preacher who is about to surrender to unmanly despair. Dr. Jeter was a strong preacher, an able leader, and a distinguished writer.

The one serious infirmity of his ministry lay in his voice. It was thin, shrill, and high in pitch. Dr. Hatcher says, it was no natural defect, but rather the result of an unfortunate habit, early acquired, of pitching his voice five points too high in the natural octave. Unquestionably, with a full, rich, and well modulated expression, he would have taken a far higher rank as an orator. Such a defect, more accented, kept Thomas Jefferson out of the list of great American speakers.

His memory sometimes had the most capricious and dastardly way of deserting him. The use of mechanical helps in the pulpit had tended to foster the evil. His biographer affirms that "he refused to trust his memory in the days of his strength and it never forgave him for the wrong. It grew fitful, coquettish, and cranky. At times it would perform its duty with admirable fidelity, and then again it would refuse to budge." Consciousness of this

weakness had the effect of clipping the wings of his imagination. To attempt an eagle-flight and forget a vital word, is crucifixion to discourse, and annihilation to the speaker. A great memory is indispensable to a great orator.

Amusing situations not unfrequently arose from this peculiar frailty. One evening he was preaching impressively in Grace Street Church, seeking to enforce the necessity of sowing early the good seed. He told the story of a man who, at the proper time, "went forth and sowed his fields broadcast with—" [here he was swinging his long arm around in imitation of the sower]—"sowed his fields broadcast—" [another pause and still swinging his arm]—"sowed his fields, I say, broadcast with—" [here he took in his arm, came to a dead halt, drew his hand over his face, and then with a downcast look, slowly scratched his head]. "Well, really, brethren, I have forgotten what it was—I know it well, for it grows very extensively here in Virginia, and has a large bloom, but after all it does not matter, it was a noxious weed." Catching himself up with this definition, he proceeded until the ripened

harvest waved its salutation to the reaper. "But when he came in sight of his fields," said he, "instead of waving with ripened wheat, they were all abloom with *thistles—ah, that's the vegetable; that's the vegetable!*"

It is credibly told that he once went to the postoffice, and, forgetting his wife's name, had to return home to learn it.

His physique was majestic. Straight as rectitude, he stood six feet and two inches high. When rising before an audience his imposing figure and imperial dignity could not fail to command attention. Deep and unaffected solemnity marked his reading of hymns and Scripture. His prayers were models of simplicity, directness, and fervor; never long nor formal. From a youth he had been a real student of the Scripture. Says Dr. Hatcher: "Of all the men that I have ever known, he had the most comprehensive, varied, and critical knowledge of the Bible. While not a classical scholar, it is an interesting fact that he studied Greek privately, that he might be able to examine Greek terms in the lexicons and critical commentaries. Some of the most significant conversations that I ever

had with him were with reference to the different shades of meaning in Greek words which seemed to be synonymous."

His preaching was edifying to Christians and abundant in exhortation to the unconverted. Rarely did he close a sermon without a strong and tender appeal. Little cared he for wire drawn subtleties, philosophical or metaphysical, in the pulpit. His mind was analytical and logical, and his sermons were structures. He prepared them with assiduous care, writing many of them in full. That early disaster in Bedford stayed by him with monitory voice. He had remarkable facility in making sermon outlines, and had twelve hundred of them before he was fifty years old. Andrew Fuller was his theological guide. He hoped that after his death, a volume of his sermons would be published, but the wish has not been realized. He was a master in pulpit courtesy, and had tact to preach doctrinal discourses without wounding those who differed from him.

The defect of memory somewhat impaired his pastoral efficiency. He could not easily remember people's names or faces. Yet he never despised this side of his work,

but tried to meet its duties with real sympathy and faithfulness.

For a busy pastor, under the press of multitudinous burdens, his books are numerous. The first was a "Memoir of Abner W. Clopton." The next was a "Life of Mrs. Henrietta Shuck," a lovely missionary who died in China, and whom Dr. Jeter had baptized in girlhood in the Northern Neck. This is pronounced a gem of biography. The third was a "Memoir of Andrew Broaddus." "Campbellism Examined" followed next. He wrote this book at the earnest request of many well-known brethren North and South, who felt that the errors of Mr. Campbell ought to be exposed and counteracted. The book appeared in 1855, and was assailed by Mr. Campbell, which led to a second book—"Campbellism Re-examined." These books had power to check the growth of the "Reformation" in Virginia, and to tone down some of its conspicuous traits. "The Christian Mirror" and "The Seal of Heaven" were two excellent devotional books next in succession. Last came the "Life of Daniel Witt," as a wreath of flowers laid on the grave of his dead friend. These

writings have varying merits, but all are characterized by a limpid style, elegance of expression and vigor of thought.

His qualities as organizer and leader, have already been plainly indicated in the foregoing pages. He had much of the poise and balance, the acumen and foresight of a statesman. In youth, his labors helped to lay the foundation of the State Association of Virginia; in mature age, his counsels helped to rear a splendid superstructure thereon. He was conspicuous in the organization of the Southern Baptist Convention, and was the first president of its Foreign Mission Board.

In 1872, at the request of the Board, he laid aside his pen, and went to Italy, to disentangle our mission from the network of difficulties into which it had been plunged. The delicate task was accomplished, and good order has reigned ever since in the Italian work. Denied the joys of educational privilege himself, he labored grandly that no other poor aspiring youth should know this anguish. He was the ardent friend of schools and colleges, and especially of this Seminary; and when he fell, the testimonials of their respect and love

were thick upon him. He was President of the Board of Trustees of the Seminary of Richmond College and of the Richmond Female Institute; and Vice President of the Foreign Mission Board, and of the State Mission Board of Virginia. A grateful Virginia brotherhood, assisted by generous friends in the North, erected to his memory the "Jeter Memorial Hall" of Richmond College, which, fittingly adorned with the great man's bust and full length portrait, was formally opened on the 18th of June 1884.

The character of Dr. Jeter was resplendent with many virtues. A superb type of lofty Christian manliness was he. Chaste and clean, he abhorred all coarse and indelicate speech. All anecdotes, coupled with his name not in consonance with this view, are false and libelous. The demons of envy, jealousy and hate found no hospitality in his soul. His supreme wish was to be upright, honorable, pure, Christlike. There can be no better proof of the nobleness of his nature than the fact, that he was exceedingly popular among preachers. He cordially loved his brethren, and if he was likely to make any mis-

take concerning them, it was in the overestimate of their abilities. Uncharitable judgment dwelt not in his heart. He loved the real, but could not endure sham, show, or pretense. His criticisms of blundering speech, were frequent and candid, but always in kindness, and with the sincere wish of being helpful. This service he eagerly invited from his brethren. Never did he consider himself a great man, falling so consciously far below his own ideal. He gave gratitude and love to Dr. Robert Ryland, whose keenly critical faculty played on him mercilessly, during the first Richmond pastorate.

His habit of lofty esteem of his brethren sometimes seemed to make his judgment of them unreliable. One of his most intelligent members once said of him: "The best judge of things and the poorest judge of men," because he always liked to credit them with good motives. Wishing such treatment for himself, he was magnanimously willing to give it to others. After all, if failing we call this, it is gloriously instinct with an altogether too uncommon generosity.

No sectional sentiment ever put limits on

his sympathies. It was perfectly natural to him, after the establishment of peace in 1865, to seek to tie the silken cords of harmony between the hostile sections. Misunderstood and maligned by some of his own people, and contemptuously disregarded by others, whom he sought to win, he pressed the work of conciliation. Jeter set a trumpet to his lips and blew in long melodious blast, an ancient song until every American Baptist heard the notes: "Peace on earth, good will to men." Noteworthy is the fact that the Baptists "led the van in the march to reconciliation," and that the other denominations followed after.

The princely editor coveted the beatitude of the peacemaker, and used the *Herald*, his silver trumpet, as the inalienable property of Jesus Christ, to secure it.

He was incapable of resentment, even in cases where unkindness and injustice came cruelly near to him. An unscrupulous deacon, of superior gifts and high position, once tried to cripple and injure his usefulness. It was one of the most painful experiences of his life. He "outlived this brother and it has been said by good critics that the finest article that ever emanated

from his pen, was his tribute to the memory of that man."

Always fearless, self-reliant, strong, he could at the same time illustrate the beauty of deferential submission to the will of others. The surrender of personal preference cost him no pang, and left no sting. While pastor of the First Church, Richmond, he once asked permission of the brethren to visit his old charge in the Northern Neck, adding, that his wife especially desired to visit her old home and kindred. Strange to say, a motion was made and passed disallowing the humble request. Here is the way the pastor met the ungracious proceeding: "Very well, brethren; I very much desired to visit my friends in the Northern Neck. I spent nine happy years among them, and am ardently devoted to them. I did think you would let me go, but as your verdict is against me, I submit without a murmur. I will not only stay, but I will try to be more faithful than ever." That was grand, it was Christlike. A church of Jesus Christ cannot resist a man like that. A measure which he disapproved, being adopted by his church, drew from him this speech: "I like this measure and

will support it—not that I really *do* like it, but I see that you like it and that makes me like it." The love he bore his Master's cause made him a constant and liberal giver. Ardent love of learning, that never waned, kept his spirit young to his dying day. The Bible was his book of devotion, and prayer was his vital air. His piety was sincere, deep, whole-hearted.

His common practice, on going to sleep, was to fold his hands across his breast and repeat the favorite lines:

Father, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies.
Accepted at a throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:

Give me a calm a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And make me live to Thee.

No striking testimony came from his dying couch. None was needed. He had given it in life's long battle. Did he hear soft music fall on earth's discord, did he see a strange glory stream on earth's shadows, as he passed the mystic bounds of human existence? Has the grand servant of God gone into a sunnier clime, a better country, where he sees his hope's fruition, and the measureless fulfillment of his boyish dreams?

REV. MATTHEW TYSON YATES, D.D.

THE State of North Carolina stands pre-eminent in the missionary history of the Southern Baptist Convention. She has furnished one-sixth of its missionaries. In a large degree this is due to the influence of one of her noblest sons, Matthew Tyson Yates. In him we have one of the finest products of that educational and missionary enthusiasm, which struck our people about 1820, resulting, in the twenty years following, in the organization of most of our State Conventions and denominational colleges. Adoniram Judson and Luther Rice, Baptist missionaries in India, without a constituency at home, deemed it an imperative necessity, that one of them should return to stimulate the education of ministers for this work, and also to awaken interest among the churches for its support. This task fell to Dr. Rice. His splendid talents were as truly consecrated to this mission, as Judson's were in Bur-

mah. He traveled through the Southern States, everywhere preaching ministerial education and obligation to the heathen. To those convictions which he lodged in the minds of our fathers, and those grand impulses which he imparted, we are indebted for the present effective organization of our denominational forces. Our beloved Seminary is but a realization of his daring hopes. The reflexive influence of foreign missions has had its startling exemplification. Yates and Wake Forest College, are simply the abstract wisdom of Judson and Rice put into concrete form.

In Wake County, North Carolina, eighteen miles west of Raleigh, June 8, 1819, M. T. Yates was born. He was the second child in a family of five sons and five daughters, all of whom grew to maturity and became members of the Baptist church. In Mount Pisgah Church, the pious parents held membership, the father being the most influential deacon. At this time there was no wealth nor social culture in the community. The people as a rule, were plain, honest, laboring, uneducated country folk. The old field school, that humorously pathetic landmark in the simple annals of the

poor, was the only avenue to learning. The text-books were Webster's Spelling book, Walker's Dictionary, and Pike's Arithmetic. At what age, he does not tell us, but in due time young Matthew reached the "Rule of Three," which was the end of the curriculum.

In his father's house preachers always found a beaming hospitality. On one of his visits, elder John Purefoy, putting his hand on the lad's head, said: "May the Lord make a preacher of him." The impression, tone and manner of the speech never faded from the child's mind. At a subsequent time, the minister inquired of him, "do you ever pray?" Responding that he did not know how, he was told to say: "God, be merciful to me a sinner." These words fixed themselves in his mind, and became the first intimation he ever had of his being a sinner. In a later interview, Father Purefoy asked. "Do you ever pray as I taught you?" To which it was replied: "I do not know where to pray." "Go into the woods where none but God can hear; God is everywhere," said his pious instructor. Easy, simple words were these, and yet how invaluable to the

Kingdom of God. Little Charles Haddon Spurgeon had his mind thus drawn to heavenly things by a godly traveling preacher. Is it not of one our too common mistakes to forget the soul-hunger and receptivity of young minds? These kindly works measurably shaped the destiny of a notable life.

While attending school, at the age of twelve, the lightning struck and splintered a great tree that stood in the playground. At the moment, it was being used as a "base," in one of the popular school games. A score of boys, a few seconds before the crash, were grouped around it; but having received a dare from one on the opposing side, all had dashed off in swift pursuit, just in time to escape the deadly bolt. Matthew was one of that group. The incident deeply impressed him, and for the first time, he uttered from the heart the prayer that Brother Purefoy had taught. Next morning, going into the woods near home, he found a quiet retreat, and set up his altar of prayer, where, for years he made known his wants unto God. These devotions, of which the prevailing key was, "God be merciful to me a sinner," were

maintained in summer and winter with inflexible purpose.

In 1836, when seventeen years old, he made a profession of faith and was baptized into the fellowship of Mount Pisgah Church, by the eloquent and able pastor, Rev. P. W. Dowd. To his dismay, after baptism, instead of joy, the most distressing doubts invaded his mind. It was three miles from the place of baptism to his home. With his wet clothes slung on a stick he started homeward alone. He seemed to be a spectacle to every passer-by. Something said to him, "You have made a fool of yourself." Utterly bewildered, he went into the woods and prostrating himself on the earth, cried, "Lord, help me." "When I had been praying, I know not how long," says he, "I heard a great noise in the leaves on the other side of the fallen tree, like some one approaching me. It became so demonstrative that I raised myself to see what it was. And lo, there was a king snake, not more than two and a half feet long, in a deadly conflict with a very large black serpent not less than six feet long. The noise was caused by the struggle of the black snake to prevent being

doubled, by his assailant, into the form of a rude ball. The king snake, entwined in and out of this ball, by alternate contractions, crushed the bones of his apparently more powerful enemy, and extricating himself crawled quietly away, leaving his antagonist dead." It was a good omen to the anxious young convert. Rising to his feet, he continued his course with a lighter heart, being assured that in like manner "the Lion of the tribe of Judah," would prevail against the old Serpent.

From the time he felt the pressure of Purefoy's hand on his head, a strange persuasion had rested in his mind that he would some day be a preacher. Accordingly, from this time on, the burden of his prayer in that rustic oratory, under the old oak tree was: "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do? Show me my duty, and grant me grace and courage to do it." How to enter his Master's service was his perplexity. Consciousness of helpless ignorance oppressed him, as he longed to fulfill his vows of consecration. Moreover, it seemed that his young friends became suddenly shy of him, as expecting some approach on the subject of religion. In spite of natural diffidence

and mental crudeness, he resolved to take some part in his father's Sunday school at Mount Pisgah. The resolution to speak or offer prayer, gave him spiritual relief and satisfaction. While at work on the farm, the prayer and speech were duly prepared. His father not knowing the exercises of his mind, and himself too timid to reveal them, the Sabbath services closed, and he went home defeated. Many months this battle went on between young zeal and native timidity, always ending with a speech undelivered, and a prayer unuttered. He vainly wished that somebody would divine his thought, and call on him for prayer.

One trait, he was developing, at least, that of dogged perseverance. He never thought of surrender. Supplies of unsubduable resolution came to him at the "old oak tree." This modest unpretentious virtue, lies at the basis of all great character. The older you grow, the more you will be impressed with its inestimable worth. Yates can endure the painful vacillation no longer. He, with two other young men engage to hold a prayer meeting at the church, and pastor Dowd makes the announcement to the astonished congregation. At

the appointed hour many of the old brethren and sisters were present. Yates announced the hymn and led in prayer. His preparation all forsook him, and a sense of disgrace settled darkly on his soul. The next failure by one of the trio, was worse than the first. The third participant descended to a lower deep, and the meeting closed. Matthew's courage by this time rose enough to appoint another meeting, but his two supporters never returned. The meeting did not continue, but the spiritual qualities of young Yates' mind were at least disclosed. He was now in the arena. The Rubicon was passed. A certain distinction rested on him as a youth of decided religious convictions, who might some day bloom forth as a preacher. He was now eighteen years old. The desire to exhort his companions to flee the wrath to come grew upon him, and the need of education was more and more sorely felt. His father was poor, and there were nine other children with claims as good as his own. In keen distress he followed his plow, sometimes praying all day, "Lord what wilt thou have me to do?"

To his dying day, he lamented the cruel

inexpertness of pastor and church that allowed him to suffer and flounder in vague uncertainty and spiritual loneliness so long. He felt that there is something inexcusable in a pastor's thus bungling his work with the young.

From the absence of this fostering care of the young convert, he declares that "a mass of unweildy inactivity has accumulated, that acts as a raft to choke the streams of living waters, which should according to God's appointed way, flow through the churches to all nations."

Rising up in a kind of sovereign dignity he settled one supreme issue for himself. An education he must and will have. "I will go to school," said he, "if I have to make brick by moonlight to pay my way." At the age of nineteen, having been released by his father from further responsibility to the family, he sold his horse and saddle and entered "Wake Forest Hill Academy," thirty-four miles from home. One year he pursued his studies, and the next, he taught school at Mount Pisgah, in order to secure funds to return to the Academy. No sooner was he returned to his congenial tasks, than two new questions began to

thrust themselves upon him for solution. Shall he preach the gospel, and if so, where? Luther Rice, journeying through the land had diligently scattered the Memoirs of Ann Hastletine Judson, one of the most touching and beautiful missionary biographies ever written. A copy of this book fell into the boy's hands soon after his conversion. Floods of tears ran down his cheek as he followed the plow or wielded the trowel, thinking of the condition of the heathen. Fearing his father would see him weeping, he often retired to the groves to pour out his heart before God. The little book virtually answered both of the questions now pressing upon him. His recent studies in geography and history had located for him the people who sit in darkness, and renewed the impressions of their awful destitution. Literally did he beseige the throne of grace for a divine solution of the issue. Prayer, since his twelfth year, had become habitual, and absolutely indispensable to him. He made a few ineffectual efforts to dismiss these concerns, and to engage like others in boyish sport. One holy Sunday afternoon, on his knees in his room, feeling the near presence of God, he

said: "Here, Lord, I give myself to Thee; use me for Thy glory whensoever and wheresoever it seemeth good in Thy sight." Like Jacob, he emerged from a long struggle and the sun of God's peace arose upon him. That same Sunday evening he unbosomed himself, in tender emotion, to his wise and devout teacher, G. W. Thompson. Rev. Samuel Wait, President of Wake Forest College, was informed of the facts, and soon a letter came asking the young man to call on him. The story was told and the President's heart melted towards him. He was urged to come at once and begin a regular course of study, but Yates pleaded his poverty. "Never mind," said the President, " 'where there is a will there is a way.' The State Convention will help you; come to college—come the next session."

He entered Wake Forest College in August, 1840, as he was beginning his twenty-second year. Put into a class of boys in the preparatory department, he felt keenly the humiliating contrast. The President tactfully soothed the mortification by saying, "Never mind, it is a horse and a pony race; a horse will out-run a pony in a long

race." As was foretold, the State Convention, a few months later adopted him as its first beneficiary. Devoutly grateful to God and the brotherhood, he pursued his studies during the next six years with characteristic resolution. Throughout the long course he was warm-hearted, honest, genial, transparent, laborious, and consistently spiritual.

He tells us that in all those years at Wake Forest "No one ever discovered my bush-house of prayer; where I never ceased to seek light from above."

The generosity of his Baptist brethren touched him profoundly. His lofty sense of honor did not allow him to accept one dollar that his own effort was able to supply. His independent manliness could be relied on implicitly to protect the kindness of the brethren from abuse. Being a fine vocalist, he taught singing schools and thus helped himself materially.

On his graduation in June, 1846, Professor White asked him what he intended to do. The reply was, that he wished to engage in something that would enable him to pay a debt of two hundred and fifty dollars, and then he would offer himself to the For-

eign Mission Board. The same afternoon the professor came to his room saying, "Here, Yates, is the money you say is necessary to liberate you. Now prepare yourself for China."

Two letters came to him, one inviting to a settlement among some North Carolina churches; the other from Alabama asking his services as preacher and teacher at a salary of two thousand dollars. Both invitations were declined, and in August, an appointment of the Foreign Board, on a salary of seven hundred and fifty dollars, was accepted. In September following he was united in marriage to Miss Eliza E. Moring, of Chatham County, N. C. His ordination at Raleigh in October before the State Convention, was a solemn and tender ceremony. By his own request, at a certain stage of the service, several of his fellow students and special friends united with him in singing the words:

Yes, my native land, I love thee,
All thy scenes I love them well;
Friends, connections, happy country,
Can I bid you all farewell?
Can I leave you,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

It was a season of tearful interest, and

the event constituted an era in the history of North Carolina Baptists.

There was nothing phenomenal in the young missionary. He had never given any hint of special preaching talent; there had been no burst of oratory; no rapid maturity of mental powers. He studied with sustained zeal and regularity, but acquired slowly. His mind was without brilliant qualities, but was strong, balanced, clear and capable of a continuous life-long development. The gradual expansion of his faculties, under the influence of ceaseless industry, persistency and consecration to God, brought him to the stature of a truly great man.

The first impressions he made on the mind of Dr. Taylor, secretary of the Foreign Mission Board, were not of an assuring character; but all hesitation was easily removed by testimonials from Wake Forest regarding his personal worth and good standing as a scholar.

Yates and his wife set sail from Boston in April, 1847, and arrived in Shanghai on the 12th of September. The feminine grace, tact and courage of Mrs. Yates interlaced themselves with all his achievements dur-

ing the next forty-one years. His designation to the Central Mission of the vast Chinese empire was exactly to his liking. From the deck of the vessel he looked with calmly exultant and thankful spirit on the great heathen city which was henceforth to be the scene of all his earthly labors. Only the British and Russian empires surpass this one in extent, which covers one-tenth of the habitable globe; and India is the only country that approaches it in point of population. The eighteen provinces of China proper are each about double the size of the State of Virginia. The one lying before our missionary, the Kiang-su, is the most densely peopled territory on the earth. Shanghai, surrounded with three and a half miles of wall, inside of which is dirt, closeness and insanitary horrors, is the Chinese metropolis of fashion, literature and trade. This city always seemed to him to be the strategic point at which to insert the wedge of truth that some good day should split this huge mountain of superstition and idolatry.

An indescribable sense of helplessness came to the heroic missionaries as they made the plunge into this night of heathen-

ism. By the courtesy of Episcopal missionaries, they secured a rude abode and a Chinese servant. Armed with one question in Chinese, "What is this called?" they began their assault on the well-nigh invincible fortress of the language. Yates' excellent musical culture enabled him to detect the delicate shadings of pronunciation, which abound in this strange tongue. From this servant they took their first lessons.

On the 6th of November, 1847, the Baptist Church of Shanghai was organized. Rev. T. W. Tobey and wife had arrived with Yates, and Rev. J. L. Shuck and wife had just joined them. He was the first American Baptist missionary in China, having gone out under the Boston Board in 1835. On the organization of our Southern Convention, at his request, he was transferred to its service and assigned to Shanghai. These three families, with four Chinese converts, were the constituent members. Shuck was chosen pastor, Tobey and Young were made deacons, and Yates clerk. Five hundred people, and often many more, came to the preaching services. The church house they built,

with tower eighty feet high, was the conspicuous object of the city, and appealed mightily to the respect of the population, there being not a Chinese edifice within the walls of any architectural or antiquarian interest. Yates' rapid mastery of the colloquial language was such, and his manners so engaging, that in one year the people began to wish to hear him preach. The work of the mission started auspiciously, and the workers were flushed with hope. But the times of soul-weariness and inevitable dejection came on apace. The earnest preaching of years seemed to have made no impression. Early, Yates became the leading spirit of the mission, and without stint spent himself in labors. Studying the situation, he discovered that his hearers were almost impenetrable to the idea that the Gospel was for them. The inveterate national vanity could not grasp the thought of a foreigner bringing them anything better than they already had. Besides, the opium war of 1841, which forcibly opened six of their ports to foreign trade, had left a sense of outrage in the popular mind.

This Chinese hatred of foreigners is per-

fectly natural and warrantable, when we remember the scandalous rapacity of the early European traders who visited their shores, and also the duplicities and intrigues of the first Roman Catholic missionaries who invaded their land. The English-speaking stranger, on account of the recent war, was particularly regarded with an intense and sullen dislike. Of course the ignorant masses were incapable of making distinctions between the criminal and the guiltless in this matter. It was not strange then, that the victims of a superstitious civilization, which had been stationary for two thousand years, could not easily conceive of such a thing as exchanging their views of morals and religion, for those of sordid foreigners. The missionary's hope was in the words, "We know that we shall reap if we faint not."

Fortunate had it been, if alienated feeling and slowness of heart to believe, had been the only difficulties. The spirit of no ordinary hero could have endured the accumulated discouragements of the first twenty years of this work. From 1850 to 1864 the empire was distracted and desolated with civil war. This ill-fated Tai-

Ping rebellion was an effort on the part of the Chinese to cast off their foreign rulers, with which our missionaries could not fail to sympathize. It covered much of the eighteen provinces with conflagration and slaughter, and before it was crushed, twenty millions of human beings are said to have perished.

Superadded to these intestine horrors, came the French-English war with the empire, from 1856 to 1860. It was prosecuted to resent some commercial grievances, and to break down utterly the Chinese policy of non-intercourse with other nations. In the treaty that followed, the policy was abolished, and the work of opening the land to foreigners, which the opium war began, was fully accomplished. By its provisions ten more cities were opened to trade, the whole empire made accessible to missionaries, and their converts guaranteed freedom from persecution. This was the beginning of a new era for China. Thus the soldier did a preparatory work for the preacher of the Gospel. Evangelization checked, and bewildered at the providences of God, happily learns that He can

convert the wrath of man into an instrument of praise.

Meantime the health of our missionary begins to fail. It is a pathetic circumstance, that in his effort to live on seven hundred and fifty dollars a year, and lay up a little for his family, he had not eaten enough nourishing food. So in 1859, with his wife and little girl—their only child—he returned to America and rested for one year. In 1861 the civil war in the United States cut him off from his revenues and communication with his friends. In 1862 the chapel in Shanghai was burned, and the city was swept by a dreadful plague of Asiatic cholera. Besides all these things, the losses of the Mission had left him as its lone supporter. Shuck and Tobey had returned to America, and Crawford had gone to Tungchow. In the midst of these appalling disasters, and this heart-sickening loneliness, you hear his intrepid words: "I was the first on this field, and I shall be the last to leave."

Through this period of gloom his heart never failed him once. He had now so completely acquired the language that the people would hardly believe that he was not a

native. He had made himself master also of "Wen-li," which is the literary language, and unknown save to the scholars of the land. He always preserved a profound respect for the possibilities of the Chinese people. They were by vast odds the most populous nation on earth, whose lands held limitless coal beds and mineral wealth, and whose intellectual and spiritual awakening only were wanting to make the empire the wonder of the world. Besides, he was positively sure that China had better communications and offered finer facilities for missionary effort than any other heathen country. Without a tremor of doubt he was quietly maturing his schemes of sacred strategy.

There was something morally sublime in the spectacle of Yates, in those dark days organizing victory in the very jaws of defeat. He decided that Shanghai, Chinkiang and Soochow, three great commercial cities, dominating twenty-four millions of human beings, were to be the centers of evangelization. The realization of the plan came late, but in time to give a holy joy to its projector.

Cut off from his base of supplies at

home, and beset by commotion and strife in his adopted country, the situation was deplorable enough. The emergency simply gave occasion for the development of the resources and large practical sense of the man. On their return, he had brought from New York several hundred dollars' worth of stoves and other articles of domestic use, and had sold them in Shanghai at an enormous profit. Himself and wife had earned the money by teaching, and left it in a New York bank in 1847. A fresh outbreak of the Tai-Ping rebellion was driving multitudes from the country inside the walls of Shanghai. Having foreseen this event, he had bought two cheap blocks of houses in the city, and when the inundation of refugees came, the rents of one year paid for the property. This investment not only saved him from want, but enabled him to maintain the mission. In the fall of 1862 he became, on account of his facility with the language, interpreter to the English and American Municipal Council of Shanghai, at a salary of about three thousand dollars. He retained the position less than two years, never working more than four or five hours a day. The

money thus earned was spent in the education of his daughter, who, in 1863, with her mother, went to Geneva, Switzerland, where she remained in school two years. It was a grief to him that about this time the report gained currency in North Carolina that he was receiving a salary of six thousand dollars. He feared that himself would be injured, and that contributions to missions might be slackened. Had he been temptable by the love of gain, he could have amassed an independent fortune. Hon. W. P. Mangum, an old college-mate and friend, under government appointment in China at this time, urged him to pay some attention to business. This gentleman told Dr. T. H. Prichard that "Yates could have made half a million of dollars, if he had wished to, during his stay in China."

In 1867, at the close of twenty years' toil, the church in Shanghai numbered thirty-five. There was nothing in this meager result to discourage Yates. The thing that pained him was, standing alone on the great field and making fruitless appeals for reinforcements. A missionary's life is much like that of a scholar's, in

that there is little of the striking or dramatic to record. The next twenty years is lustrous with that ardent devotion, patient wisdom and indestructible hope with which we are already so particular.

In 1869, when he felt that at last he had touched the Chinese heart, and that his influence with the natives boded great prosperity to the work, his voice failed. This was a sore affliction. He must rest two years for recuperation; meantime the mission was left in the hands of Mrs. Yates and Rev. Wong, a native preacher, whom he had baptized in 1856. Ably were the mission interests preserved by this noble woman. Mrs. Spurgeon was never more beautifully helpful to her husband than was Mrs. Yates to hers. Coming back, his voice forsook him again, and left him on the verge of despair. Two years more he waited in vain for its recovery. Public speaking was the only work it was unable to perform; hence, in the fall of 1873, he accepted the office of Vice-Consul and Interpreter of the United States in Shanghai. This position he held two years, and in the meantime was made happy in the complete restoration of his voice. The Consul hav-

ing been promoted, the Secretary of State asked Dr. Yates to accept the Consularship, which honor, with its emoluments, he gratefully but promptly declined.

In 1875, he saw the completion of the new chapel, erected on the ashes of the one which had perished thirteen years before. It was built out of the proceeds of his official labor. He will soon have been on his field thirty years. He is still alone, and piteously pleading with his brethren for helpers. "Thirty years ago," he says, "when the prospect was so dark, and the darkness so impenetrable, I would have compromised for what I now behold as my life work. Now my demand would be nothing less than a complete surrender. I am dead in earnest about this matter."

The loneliness of nineteen years was broken at last in 1882, by the coming of Rev. W. S. Walker. Rev. W. F. Hunnex and wife came early in the year following. Early in 1886, it seemed to the grand old hero that the morning light was breaking, as he welcomed two North Carolina boys, Rev. R. T. Bryan, and Rev. D. W. Herring, with their wives, to the Central China Mission.

Two enterprises, dear to his heart, were brought to completion about this time; the chapel at Chinkiang and his translation of the New Testament into the popular dialect. In this latter work he had been engaged many years. He had also secured a chapel at Soochow; and now the hopeful occupation of his three strategic stations is accomplished. Like Abraham, lonely in a strange land, he had waited for the promise of God. Joy, like sunshine from the eternal hills, fell on his spirit. He said, "though my hair is gray my heart is young and warm:" It was his hope and expectation to live ten years longer in the blessed work, but it was not to be. During much of the past twenty years he had suffered from an ulcer in the lower bowel, and in its treatment had submitted to nine surgical operations. Having successfully combatted this malady, he doubtless felt encouraged to hope for a lengthened lease on life. In July 1887, he suffered a paralytic stroke from which he never fully rallied. A second stroke, early in 1888, prostrated his giant form, and on the 17th of March he fell asleep. The cablegram that day to a bereaved denomination in America, con-

tained these simple words, "Yates dead." The Convention, a few weeks later, uttered its beautiful eulogiam of his character as follows: "Resolved, that in the death of the Rev. Matthew Tyson Yates, D.D., the Southern Baptist Convention has lost one of its oldest, most consecrated and efficient missionaries; China, one of its most enlightened and philanthropic adopted citizens; and the Christian world, a man and a servant of God, whose life and character were an honor to his race, and whose death is a loss to mankind."

"The wise will know thee and the good will love,
The age to come will feel thy impress given
In all that lifts the race a step above
Itself, and stamps it with the seal af heaven."

His name will ever shine like a star in the early missionary history of our Convention. We regret that his reluctance to speak of himself, and the consequent lack of connected records of his life, has made any extended biographical notice of him, almost impossible. That modesty which concealed his merits from our mission Secretary in 1846, veiled him to the end.

The farthest possible from making any parade of learning was he, and yet he won high rank in Chinese scholarship. His val-

uable translation of the New Testament, the many tracts, and the hand books of the language which he wrote, attest it. His knowledge of classic Chinese is sufficiently indicated by the fact that in 1887, he was asked to be one of the revisers of the "Goddard Version" of the New Testament, first published in 1853, and the book now in use by our Baptist missionaries. He accepted, but was never permitted to put his hand to the task.

Respecting him as a preacher, let us hear the testimony of Dr. T. E. Skinner, his schoolmate and life-long friend: "His subjects were generally practical, and selected with an obvious aim to be useful. His deportment in the pulpit was grave, self-possessed and devout as became the man of God. His prayer, which was comprehensive, appropriate and fervent, prepared him to deliver, and the people to hear, the message he had received from God."

The sense of having lost facility in the use of his mother tongue, gave him a shrinking from public address while on visits to his native land. He doubtless exaggerated this deficiency, for his manner in private

was always winning, and his conversation genial and charming. The quiet didactic methods of address essential in China, will almost inevitably work some loss to the missionary's English style, but a man like Matthew Yates should never fear taxing the patience of intelligent admiring brethren.

He was the soul of generosity. Never did he know the constrictions of a parsimonious nature. If his hearty liberality were susceptible of diffusion among our people, the mission treasuries would burst out with fatness. The loveliest of his gifts was a check for two hundred and fifty dollars, sent to his parents in 1865. Presumably, after the desolations of war, there might be some pinch of destitution in the old home, and without waiting to hear, the filial deed was done.

Besides the gift of the church at Shanghai, he built two school houses in 1882, at an expense of nine hundred and fifty dollars. It would be impossible to discover all his charities in China. His purse, like his heart, was always open to the voice of God. He gave five hundred dollars to the Centennial Fund and twelve hundred and

fifty dollars to the Endowment Fund of Wake Forest College, and just before his death, he added four thousand three hundred and fifty dollars to the North Carolina Baptist Student Aid Fund. In Richmond College he founded a scholarship, and gave to this Seminary the sum of three thousand dollars.

Like Luther Rice, he has linked his name forever with the sacred causes of missions and ministerial education. It is pleasing to hear him say: "I regard our Seminary as the hope of the world. Let every young man who feels that he is called of God to preach the Gospel, go to the Seminary for two years at least. Let him take the English, if he cannot take the full course, which would be better. If necessary, borrow the money; at all hazards, go! Put off getting married till you are ready to serve God in this vocation. Let him that heareth say, go!"

"Among the traits that made his life forceful," says Dr. R. H. Graves of Canton, China, "I would put his insight into human nature, especially Chinese nature. The Chinese regarded him as having an almost superhuman knowledge of the human

heart. He told me that soon after he came to China his eyes gave him so much trouble that the doctor told him he must not look at a book for a year. So he learned Chinese by ear and not by eye. He mingled with the people in the teashops and by the wayside, and "picked up" not the language only, so that he spoke it like a native, but a thorough knowledge of the people and their modes of thought. When he fixed his keen glance on a man and discerned the motives that prompted him, the man felt that he saw him through and through.

He told me several instances of his being requested by merchants to detect dishonesty in their employees and always with success. His candor and straightforward honesty associated with an excellent judgment, also gave him much influence. During the famine, Chinese merchants entrusted hundreds of dollars to him to be distributed according to his judgment, saying that they dared not trust them to their own people, Mandarins and relief committees. His practical common sense and business sagacity suited the practical Chinese. As a missionary, he gave his main attention

to the work for which he was best fitted, the oral proclamation of the word. While he did not gather a large number of converts he was more careful with regard to quality than to numbers, and some were men of marked character. His influence in the community was great, and the heathen, though rejecting his religion, revered and loved him as a man."

His ample wisdom evinced itself even in the care of his health. During the whole course at Wake Forest, he rose regularly at four in the morning and ran two miles. This almost incredible fact shows you the hue of his resolution. In China it was his custom to walk four miles a day, and to this he ascribed the unusual physical vitality he, for the most part, enjoyed.

He was dextrous in dealing with the obstructive tactics of the educated classes in Shanghai. In the course of a sermon he pointed out, on a certain occasion some of the errors of Confucianism. Instantly up rose a man in the center of the congregation and recited a passage from their sacred books. The preacher, looking the stranger in the face, waited for him to cease. The language of the quotation was wholly

unintelligible to the people, but clearly enough, they thought a check had been put on the missionary. Something must be done to neutralize this impression, and that without a moment's delay. Remembering a paragraph of an old college declamation, he burst on his astonished auditory with the exclamation: "Who was Blennerhassett," etc. The vigorous speech, in a language still more mysterious to the Chinaman, had the desired effect. The interrupter, charged the speech with being in an unknown tongue, and Yates retorted the charge; to which the audience heartily assented, and the advantage rested with the preacher.

Devoted as he was to China, and fully persuaded as he was that her salvation would be the redemption of the eastern world, his eyes eagerly turned upon Japan. He urged the establishment of a mission on that island, and, in his zeal, selected the man and offered to support him himself. It was a compliment to his judgment that the convention at its session immediately after his death, should authorize a work in Japan. Inability to carry out the details of his splendid strategy, was the supreme

cross of his missionary life. He was much like a general appointed to the task of conquest, and left unsupplied with soldiers in the munitions of war.

He never forgot the physical welfare of his adopted people. Like a genuine patriot, in 1884, he was sending to North Carolina for cuttings of fruit trees to be planted at the several stations, saying that the introduction of an excellent fruit would be a blessing to many millions of human beings.

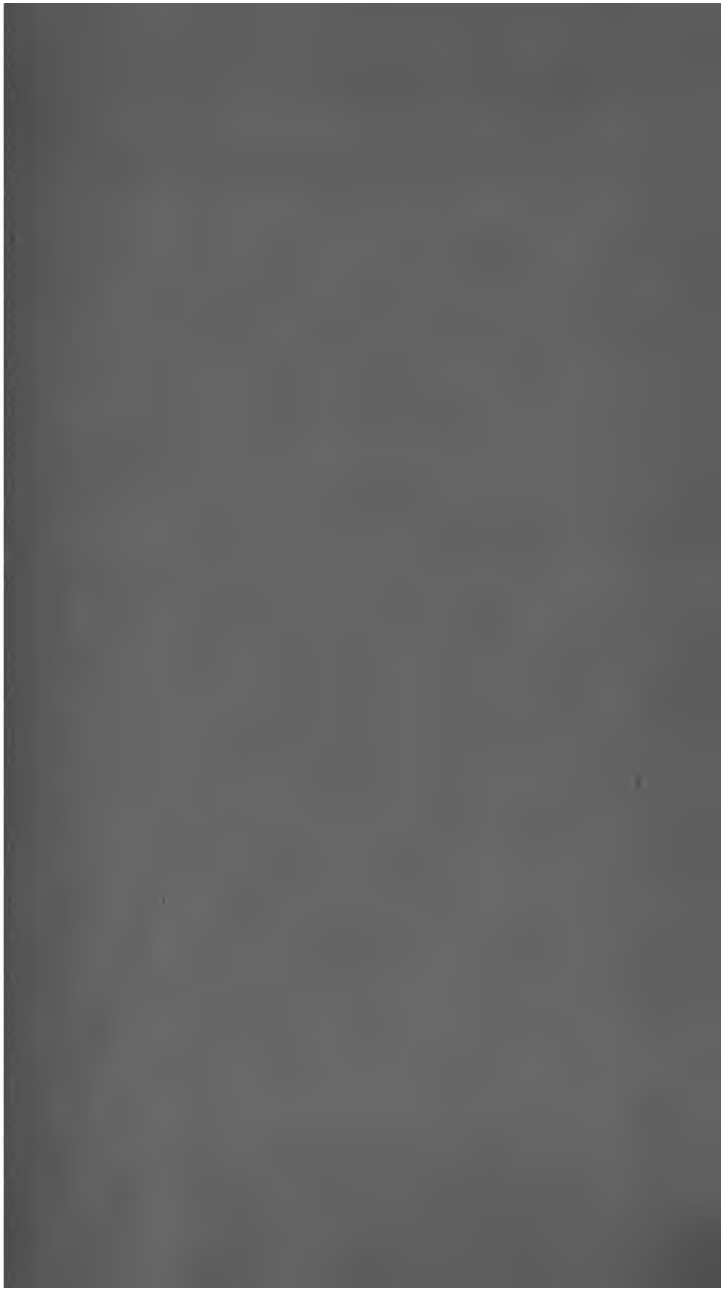
In loyalty to scripture methods of evangelization, Adoniram Judson did not surpass him. For all sensation, clap-trap, flattery and cajolery, he felt the utmost detestation and abhorrence. To win the Chinese to Christ he knew would be a slow process through patient presentation of the Gospel to individuals. Saving men in masses, to his clear brain, was a delusion and a fraud. Not by one hair's breadth did he ever depart from the Pauline plan of preaching a crucified and risen Saviour. This is the highest wisdom. Well did he understand that pioneer and foundational work like his must needs be slow. This condition be accepted with a calm, unstaggering faith. His mind was buttressed

with the persuasion that he was working along the lines of an eternal purpose. It was this same confidence that emboldened Peter and John before the Sanhedrin, and made them the virtual masters of Jerusalem. The evenly vigorous and ever-expanding spiritual life of Yates was not hindered by his intellectual and financial labors. As Enoch of old, this man truly walked with God.

Bishop Marvin, of the Methodist Church, said: "Dr. Yates is one of the ablest and best missionaries of any denomination in any land." It is a curiously interesting fact that he grew two inches taller in China, which we love to regard as a beautiful emblem of that nobler growth he realized in knowledge and grace. According to his own statement, in mature manhood he stood six feet, two and a half inches in height. A returned Presbyterian missionary, who had seen him at the great Missionary Conference in Shanghai, said to Dr. T. H. Prichard: "Dr. Yates is physically, intellectually and spiritually at the head of the Protestant missionaries of Asia, of whom there are several hundred."

Fuller and Jeter and Yates, our mag-

nificent trio, were singularly alike in largeness of physical stature, in religious experience and spiritual character. In each was an early pungency of conviction of sin, the same spirit of prayerfulness, singleness of aim and iron steadfastness of purpose. To each was given long life, distinguished trusts, the universal respect and love of the brotherhood and the signal blessing of God. The tremendous aggression of Jeter, the superb eloquence of Fuller and the massive staying qualities of Yates, all suffused and glorified with the love of Christ, must make a potent appeal to all that is noble in our young ministry. Perish every ignoble aim or feeling, every unsteady purpose and every disobedient thought, in the presence of these majestic memories of holy aspiration, lofty manhood, unshaken faith and unconditional submission to our common Lord.



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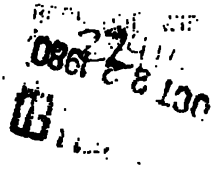
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